

MARVEL  
8th July 89

# THE REAL

No56 40p

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# GHOSTBUSTERS™





**D**o you hear strange clattering noises in the night? Do you tremble to the sound of teeth gnashing frantically in the dark hours? Do you clutch feverishly at the blankets to the sound of bones rattling? Well, fear not, because it's just the effects of your knees knocking together as you rummage through another fantastic issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!** Yes, folks, 'horri-fying' just doesn't describe the unthinkable terrors which await you. It's a good job our fearless Ghostbusters are here to save us! There's a troublesome toy for them to deal with in **Transmutant Terror!** When the fur really starts to fly! Then some more spooks get a taste of their own medicine in **Surgical Spirits!** Then our favourite phantom-finders find themselves having a really fowl time in **Poultrygeist!** What with this and a rampant Gonkiss Khan on the loose, lock your doors and hide!

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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



RAY  
STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDEMORE



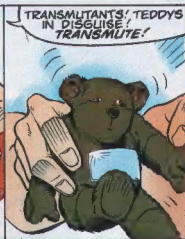
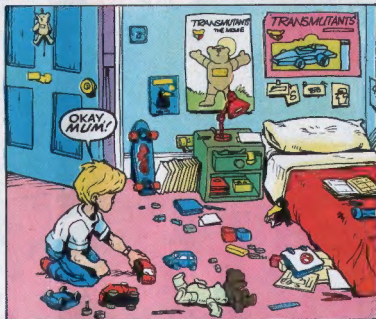
JANINE  
MELNITZ



SLIMER

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

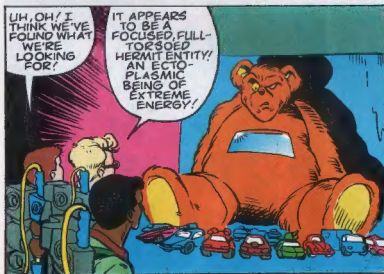
## TRANS-MUTANT TERROR















# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE

Last year, excavations conducted in Ecuador by Tottinono Yukkitoi from the Institute of Most Unexpected but Highly Honourable Ancestors, Tokyo, unearthed some amazing artifacts in a Pre-Human Palace ruin. For some months, the purpose of these artifacts has remained a mystery, but recently, Yukkitoi has made several deductions that shed much light on the matter. First of all, he has identified the purpose of the Palace area in which the finds were made: it was the Creche or Nursery. When you add to this fact that Yukkitoi estimates the Palace to be circa four million years BC and the work of Yylldammic Pit Demons, we come up with a simple solution: in the ruins of a demonic kindergarten, Yukkitoi has discovered the remains of the sort of toys that the undead's offspring play with!

### Playthings of the Undead

First among the discoveries was a small ecto-plastic figure known to the demon kiddies by the name 'Our Little Wrath-o-saur'. The toy had many interesting features, and play would involve the simple task of grooming the little critter and saddling him up before his sprung-loaded jaws could snap shut and sever any slow-moving limbs. As mentioned, the 'Wrath-o-saur' is made of ecto-plastic



## PART 56

based compound that is toxic, unwashable, flammable and impact-susceptible. It is painted in chipped, lead-based paint that won't become shiny and polished-looking no matter how hard you play with it, and the whole thing is held together with nine-inch rusty spikes and Mastodon snot.

Then comes the 'Eye-Patch Dolls'. Vulgar and gross, these little dolls would be sat on the end of the young demon's cot, with a notice on them saying 'Lift my patch - if you dare'. What lies behind the patch is still a mystery as every time the patch is touched, the spring-loaded jaws of the doll open and close faster than the eyes of the backwards vampire who woke up at the crack of dawn. Like 'Our Little Wrath-o-saur', the 'Eye-Patch Doll' therefore has a great deal of 'hands-

off play ability'.

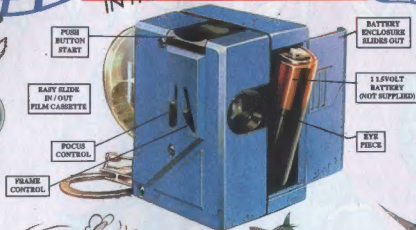
Yukkitoi also particularly draws our attention to the ecto-plastic doll aimed for the young female demon, 'Singe'. This is the doll of a glamorous flame-haired woman who has a vast, collectable wardrobe of glitzy fashion outfits, a sports car, a stable set, a kitchen/campervan and the built-in ability to spontaneously combust, just like the real thing. *Singe* comes with a vast range of accessories, such as asbestos oven mitts, and also available is her dashing boyfriend Jose, 'The Mexican Fireman'.

However, the most popular toy of all for the young demon, Yukkitoi tells me, is the range of figures called 'Blasters of the Ecto-Worst'. The 'Blasters', so-called, were four humanoid figures with rakishly handsome faces, dressed in devil-may-care work suits and carrying big powerful blaster-guns with power-packs. When wound up, the figures race about the room shouting "Death to all demons!" "This piece of cooked bread is toast!", "We're here to save nine!" and "Back off, demon, we're the real Ecto-Blasters!" The point of the toys seems to be to introduce it eventually to *Our Little Wrath-o-saur*, and *Eye-Patch Doll* or *Singe* and cry with glee as the *Blasters* are systematically ground, snapped, pulped or fried into tiny little bits.



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
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# NO KHAN DO



Story **DAN ABNETT**  Art **JOHN MARSHALL** and **DAVE HARWOOD**

**Lightning? Hoofbeats? Flying drain lids? What can this mean? Well, basically it means that the Real Ghostbusters are in for an ogre-dose of mayhem . . .**

**T**he invasion of New York began just after midnight. Everything went very still and quiet, so still and quiet that all the cats and dogs in the neighbourhood felt the fur of their hackles rise in fear. Then a cold, draughty wind began to gust down the dark streets, flipping trash and scrap paper along in swirls before it. The wind ruffled the newspapers and the magazines in the racks on Ernie Capletz's kiosk at the bus depot. Ernie shuddered and pulled his collar up, wishing he was getting on a coach bound for Florida. Old Abraham Abelman, delivering bagels to a bakery on Sixth, saw the glowing, writhing streams of lightning that flickered across the sidewalk like luminous eels, darting from grating to grating. Tony Fedulatti nearly jumped out of his skin, and his taxi, when a manhole cover in a nearby sidewalk exploded sixty feet into the air on a fountain of sparks and clattered to earth a block away. Officer Brownlore, directing traffic on the junction of Fourth and Fifth was the first to hear the hooves . . . the sound of hundreds of great horses rolling down the roadway. Yet there were no horses there. Officer Brownlore was also the first to ring the Real Ghostbusters.

The late night traffic was at a standstill, so the Busters had to walk the last block or so to the Police cordon. "What's going down?" Peter asked a nervous-looking taxi driver as they passed his cab. "Drain covers", replied Tony Fedulatti. "Ask a silly question . . ." Peter mused to himself.

"Thank heavens you're here!" exclaimed Officer Brownlore as they approached. The stout cop lifted the striped barrier and let them duck under the cordon. "Twenty-six years on the beat", Brownlore went on, "and, on my life, I've never beheld nothin' like this!"

"What exactly is the problem?" Egon asked, as his sniffer puffed away, sampling the night air. "You mentioned hoofbeats?"

"Aye, hoofbeats! Flying drain lids! Winds like little hurricanes!" The Officer was clearly agitated. "And lightning on the ground, like snakes! Snakes!"

"Snakes?" asked Ray. "Snakes made of lightning?"

"You ask that old fella over there, the one Rabbi Shibmall is comforting. He's in a bad way. He's lost a lot of bagels."

"These noises, and these . . . snakes were all heading for the Park?" asked Egon.

"That's right. There's something odd in there, no mistake. We've just cordoned it off. We didn't dare go on in, until you experts arrived."

The Busters turned to look at the Park. The place had been empty since it had closed at dusk, but now, some unearthly glow flickered out from behind the trees and railings. There was a chill, choking breeze too and faintly the sound of horses. Egon unstrapped his Proton Gun and charged it up. "Well, guys, we'd better go in there and get this over with." Winston caught his arm. "Egon, I don't think that will be necessary . . . whatever it is, is coming out!"

The Busters and Brownlore looked on in horror as the pale, misty glow boiled and swirled up to the park gates, which obligingly dropped their chains and swung open. The wind was stronger now, as was the noise of those horses. Behind the Police cordon, people began to scream and run.

Then, the formless glow that billowed towards them began to crackle and the electric streams began to appear. Out of the snakes of lightning and the ghostly fog, shapes were beginning to take form . . . huge shapes of riders on enormous horses, spears held at their sides. The forms grew clearer and the riders



showed themselves to be vast barbarian ogres who looked impossibly fierce and ill-mannered.

"New York appears to have been invaded by ghost-demon manifestations of a barbarian horse clan such as those that ravaged and sacked most of Europe in the Dark Ages", said Egon. "If I could just identify the motif on their war-banner, I could even tell you which clan it was ... Let's see ... an exploding ferret in flared armour, holding a ceremonial pointy-jab-jab stick ..."

"Could we go grab a burger or something?" asked Ray. "Maybe in Canada, or Portugal or someplace?"

"Gonkiss Khan!" exclaimed Egon. "The most brutal, savage, degenerate merciless vandal, cut throat and naughty person of them all! Isn't that amazing!"

"Amazing!" agreed Peter. "Now violent, painful death has a name ..."

"Don't you realise what an opportunity this is for us?" asked Egon.

"What? Do we get to choose where the pointy jab-jab stick gets stuck first?" Winston answered back.

"We'll just have to stand our ground and do our best", said Egon.

"We must do all in our power to prevent New York from being sacked and burned by Gonkiss and his mob. We mustn't let our town suffer the same fate as Constantinioch did in the Fifth century."

"What fate was that?" asked Peter reluctantly.

"Point-point, jab-jab, stick-stick", replied Egon gravely.

The ogre riders, colossal and powerful, had come to a standstill in front of the four edgy Busters. The demon-ghost of Gonkiss Khan grinned his special pre-pillage grin that had struck unease into the hearts of every home owner in the Dark Ages. Winston took a deep breath on behalf of all four Busters, and spoke.

"We don't want any trouble, Mister ... er, turn those horses around and get out of town. I said ride on!"

Gonkiss leaned forward. His gaping mouth swung open like the hatch of a

furnace and he spoke. "I'm sorry to bother you, but the boys and I need a few directions. Could you point us the way to the Municipal Museum of Antiquity? There's an exhibition of my work on there and we do so want to see it."

The expression on Egon's face was



unreadable. "He's right, guys", he murmured. "The Museum has 'Gonkiss Khan: Pillage and Pointy Jabbing in Feudal Europe'. I was thinking of going later in the week."

"But can we trust him?" asked Peter.

"We ..." said the others.

"If we let 'em go, will they burn down New York anyway? How silly will we look then?"

"Pretty silly", said the others.

Peter held up his Proton Gun so the Ogre could see it. "This, Mr Khan", he began, "may not look much like a pointy jab-jab stick ... but the effect is much the same ..."

"They've seen through our ruse ..." muttered Khan to his barbarians.

"Too right!" said the Ghostbusters, but this remark was rather lost in the protonic whine.

The invasion of New York ended about ten minutes to one.



# THE GHOST BUTTRESS

This cute little orange ghost was more than just a pretty face! He was, in fact, a ghost with a function and a very important function it was too. Imagine a house, not just any old house, but a large doom-laden house of sinister and haunted appearance. Inside the house, the floorboards creak, there are spiders' webs adorning every dark corner, where things more horrible than you can imagine lurk with evil intent. Outside, the moon is full and the lightning

crackles across the sky. Well, this was the setting, but the ghost wasn't really in the least bit terrifying or gruesome. He was a harmless little caretaker of a spook, a guardian ghostie, an attendant apparition. Unfortunately, Peter was unnecessarily ruthless with the ghost and the subsequent bust caused the house to fall down into a heap of rubble. Oh well, some you win, some you lose, but who knows . . . one day he may have his revenge!



# GH<sup>OST</sup> WRITING!



Welcome to another Ghostbusters' postbag. Thanks for all your ectoplasmic enquiries and keep 'em coming.

Dear Peter...

I get **THE REAL GHOST-BUSTERS** every week and I would like to know:

1. What makes Slimer speak the way he does?
2. In issue 49, was 'Ray's from the Grave' based upon 'Poltergeist' the movie?
3. What is your favourite TV programme or movie?

— Alun Saunders, Fontwell

*1. It's quite simple, really. He's daft! We don't really know what makes him speak in such a silly manner, but we're trying to snap him out of it. 2. I have a real sneaking suspicion that you aren't old enough to have seen 'Poltergeist', but I'll let it go just this once! 3. Well, let me see... there was a real good film that came out a while ago... 'Ghostbusters' I think it was called.*

I've got some questions for you:

1. Why do you hate Slimer and don't say that you don't hate him because you always act as if you do?
2. Why do you always show off?
3. Why can't you promote Janine to the rank of a **REAL GHOSTBUSTER**?
4. Why are ghosts different colours?

— Michaela Phillips, Greta Green

*Why do I always get the feeling that people are picking on me? 1. I really don't hate Slimer as such. It's just that I get so frustrated when he insists on sliming me! Can you honestly say that you would like it? I think if you had experienced it then the answer would be 'NO'. 2. See! You're doing it again! Ganging up on me! 3. If we were to promote Janine to being a full-time Ghostbuster, then we wouldn't have anyone to do that most important of jobs... organizing us! Janine is irreplaceable and, as far as we are concerned, she is a Ghostbuster and one of the best, too. 4. Ghosts are different colours, it is presumed, because of the make-up of their ectoplasm. It's rather like people having different coloured hair: it just depends upon the individual.*

Please can you answer these questions?

1. Why is it that Slimer never slimies you in the comic?

2. Is Egon really as much of a wimp as he looks in 'Fit to Bust'?

3. Do you actually like those boxer shorts?

— H. Linda, Surrey

*1. Well, I have to say that you must have missed out on some issues, because I can think of plenty of instances where I have been slimed. Completely gratuitously as well! 2. Egon may look like a wimp in some peoples' eyes, but at least he has intelligence. Anyway, he's faced things which would make most people run away, never to return again.*

*3. Do I like boxer shorts? Do I? Of course I do? Any sensible person would.*

How did you convert the old fire station to your present HQ and how did you convert the old Cadillac ambulance into ECTO-1?

— Paul Atkin, Dereham

*Well, the HQ was done with the aid of some builders and other skilled craftsmen and ECTO-1 was mostly done by Ray, who is something of a mechanical genius.*

1. Why does Winston say 'yo' whenever Egon says something?

2. Why do Egon's inventions blow up when he switches them on?

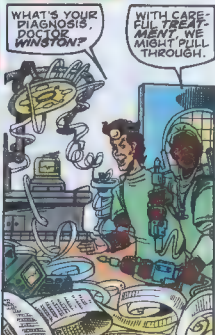
— Andrew Boyles, Sunderland

*1. Mainly, because Winston has a good command of hip lingo! 2. I think that's unfair. They only blow up sometimes!*

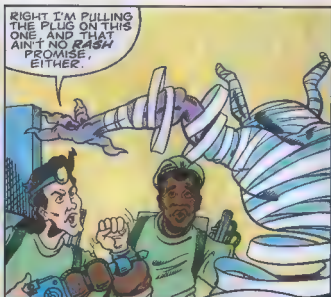
**Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2**




# THE REAL STBUSTERS™




Story NANCY HAZEL Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and TIM PERKINS Lettering GLIB Colouring STUART PLACE





# DEAD TRUE!



ver the centuries there have been many wars and battles, but only sometimes do these ghostly clashing soldiers reappear to do battle again. On Sunday, October 23, 1642, the armies of King Charles and Cromwell met at Edge Hill, on the borders of Warwickshire and Northamptonshire. There they fought one of the bloodiest battles which left in its wake a glut of dead and dying soldiers on both sides.

The following Christmas Eve whilst returning home, some shepherds passed by the battlefield and, to their horror, heard the sound of drums, the clatter of firearms and the unearthly groans of the dying men. Suddenly, the rival armies appeared all around them, and began to blaze away at each other with cannon and

musket, whilst their ghostly colours blew in the breeze.

The terrified shepherds rounded up the local magistrate, Mr Wood, and the minister, Mr Marshall, and, after swearing an oath to the men's sobriety, returned to the place the following night. Assembled with them were all the substantial inhabitants of that and neighbouring parishes as the news of the ghastly conflict had travelled rapidly from person to person.

As they waited on that cold and desolate hill, it became obvious they were not to be disappointed. To the horror of the crowd, the rival armies appeared in the same tumultuous warlike manner, fighting with as much spite and spleen as formerly.

The returning spectators were so terrified that, upon arriving home, they prayed for deliver-

ance from this nightmarish apparition. For several days it seemed that their prayers had been answered but on the next Saturday night the blood-curdling scene of atrocities and bloodshed was re-enacted for several hours with far greater tumult.

The rumours of the ghostly warriors reached King Charles, who despatched three gentlemen of credit and three officers to verify the stories. They were led to Edge Hill by Mr Wood and Mr Marshall, where they again experienced the horror of the grisly battle. All the more terrifying for the officers was this, as they fought in the original battle, and recognised not only many of the individual clashes but also some of the faces of the combatants.

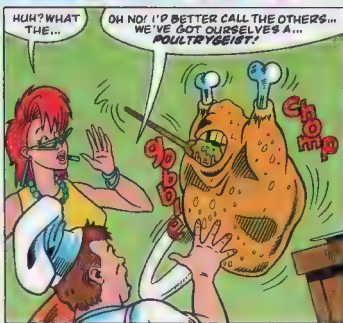
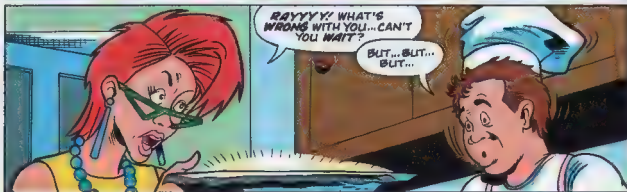


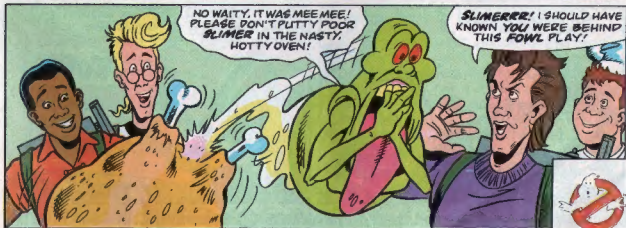
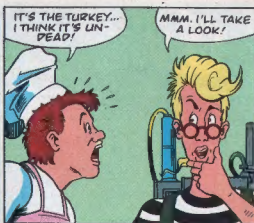




# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



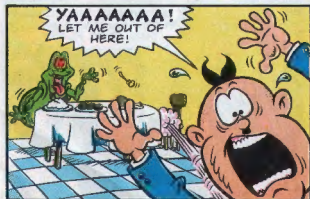
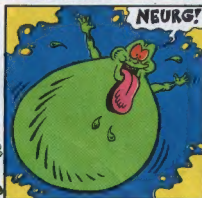
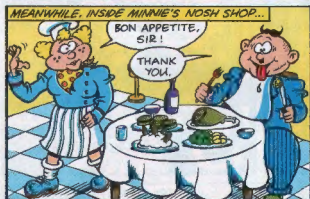
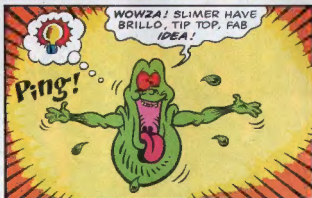
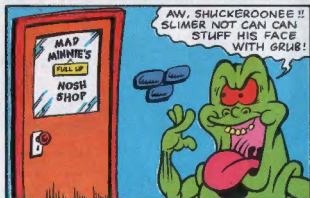






BLIMEY!  
IT'S...

# SLIMER!



Story BAMBOS ◯ Art and Lettering BAMBOS ◯ Colouring CHRIS MATTHEWS

## GHOSTBUSTERS FOR THE CHOP!



**IN JUST 7 DAYS**

## THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 225** The tables are turned this week, as **Headhunt**, by Furman and Reed, finds Rodimus Prime on the wrong end of Death's Head's guns! Then there's **Aspects of Evil 3**, featuring Shockwave, by Furman and Wildman. There's also part 1 of a brand new Action Force story, **Cross Purposes**, by Hama, McFarlane and Mushynsky. **PLUS** a fabby-dabby Competition – win 200 sets of Micromasters!

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 56** Ghost-busting is child's play in **Transmutant Terror**, in a grizzly tale by John Carnell and Andy Wildman. . . It's no picnic, and neither is the Fourth of July celebration dinner that Ray and Janine are preparing, when too many cooks spoil the broth in **Poultrygeist** by Jon Carnell and Brian Williamson. There's also a life or death case to wrap up in **Surgical Spirits** by Hazel and Williamson.

☐ **ACTION FORCE 14** The TACS, key to all Europe's military secrets, has been stolen by COBRA. Against orders, Lt Falcon and his Action Force team must get it back before COBRA sell it to the highest bidder. **War Beneath the Waves** is the undersea epic by Furman, Smith and Smith. **PLUS** the usual batch of features, including an Intelligence Profile of the hideous Hydro-Viper!

## DON'T MISS...

☐ **THE SLEEZE BROTHERS 1** A brand new comic from Marvel, featuring the bungling private eyes of the future, **El Ape** and **Deadbeat Sleeze**. This fabulous first issue in a series of six has the madcap pair on their first case, hunting down the brother of a mysterious alien. Featuring a wild and whacky cast of characters, the Sleeze Brothers is by Carnell and Lanning – You'd be daft to miss it!

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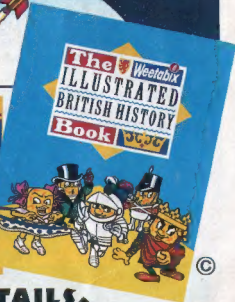
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